MAKE YOUR MAKE

In the quarries should you toil. Make your mark;
Do you delve upon the soil,
Make your mark;

In whatever path you go. Moving swift or moving slow.

With a firm and hourst hand, Make your mark.

Should opponents hedge your way, Make your mark; Make your mark; Work by night, or work by day, Make your mark; Struggle manfully and well. Let no obstacles oppose; None, right shielded, over fell

What though born a peasant's son, Make your mark; Good by poor mee can be done; Make your mark;

By the wearons of his foes,

Pensants' garts may warm the cold. Peakanta' words may earn a fear: Setter far than hoarding gold is the drying of a tear; Make your mark.

Make your mark; Marks of some kind must be made: Make your mark; Make it while the arm is strong,

In the golden hours of youth; Never, never make it wrome. Make it with the stamp of truth; Make your mark.

THE OLD CHIFFONIER.

My Louis XV chiffonier is a very handsome and graceful piece of furniture. It nished copper, and always seems to be young men and their ways."

Smiling, as if its red and white mosaics Hereshe put a package interests. were merry rosy lips.

It was given to me by my grandmother, who inherited it from her grandfather, and I verily believe that it once stood in a bondoir of the palace of Marly. Never was an innocent little piece of

furniture abused and rated so mercilessly as my chiffonier was when I chanced to think of it one day during my sojourn at the Perseus in Greece. You will no doubt ask why I thrust my trembling hand through my hair and cried out, "Miserable idiot," without stating whether the epithet was applied to myself or to my chiffonier. Good heavens, the only wonder was that I left a single hair on my head! Judge for yourself.

I had been so fortunate some time before as to be leved by the most charming of women. I shall not attempt to describe her, not even by the color of her hair; it is sufficient to say that for two years I called her "my angel" and "bright image of my dreams." At the end of that period I allowed one of my friends to say to me in speaking of her, "How could you be such a fool?" She sent me back my letters, and I neglected to return hers, but put the whole lot into a drawer of my old chiffenier, without thinking to turn the key.

That chiffonier was in my room; my room was in my mother's chateau; my mother's chateau was eight hundred leagues away, in the middle of Provence. In setting of unexpectedly on a diplomatic mission I had completely forgotten to destroy these remains of an attachment which had been delightfulas long as it lasted.

When I accidentally called out the memory of those letters from some obsoure corner of my brain, I started up in surprise and shame, for I knew that my thoughtlessness might seriously compromise a woman who had done nothng to deserve such treatment at my hands. I felt that my conduct had been unworthy of a gentleman, and in a fine frenzy I rushed out of the house, in- son from the French of Jules Lermina. his claim. For six months he kept up quired for the first steamship bound for arseilles, took passage, and listening to nothing but the voice of my conscience returned to France.

abode, and I will spare you a recital of shameful and sacrilegious disturbance think the old mine is played out, but I the ejaculations, the George! Why! So soon?" which greeted | paster, the Rev. A. M. Prentice, was in | I'll find a bigger pocket in that mountain me as soon as I appeared. My mother nearly stiffed me with her embrace, and ing discourse, when suddenly a noise California.' was sure that something dreadful had was heard in the vicinity of his large. He climb happened to me, and I had great difficulty to reassure her. When she had grown calm I said in as indifferent a with dangling arms and legs, directly

"Will you have my valise sent to my room, mother dear?"

"Certainly, my son; you must be tired out," she answered. Then summoning a servant, she said, "Take my son's baggage to the blue room, Pierre.

"You mean the green room," I added. "No, the blue room," persisted my

"But the green room is my room." "It was yours once, George," she said

door, saying merrily:

"Here comes the present occupant." "Gabrielle!" I cried, going to meet my rousin, the loveliest and most charming of girls, with abundant blonde hair, eves as blue as heaven, a smile of childish innocence and teeth like pearls. It was she, of all persons, who was occupying the green room, and who no doubt had ransacked the drawers and cupboards, Unfortunate, thrice unfortunate man

that I was! Gabrielle, gay, artless and confiding, though a triffe shy, gave me her hand, looking delicious as she said:

"How do you do, Cousin George?" My face must have betrayed my confusion as I took her hand, and looked searchingly for some sign of dissimulation in her soft eyes. Had she found the letters; had she read them? To tell the truth Mrs. - had loved me ardently, and had been so improdent as to express her sentiments in writing, running the gumut of ols and als with plentiful exclamation points attached thereto. And suppose little Gabrielle had read them? blushed at the thought.

But quite calinly she said, "How do you do, Cousin George?" That was all, and in my great pains lay a soft, cool,

Ab, but what aliyss is deeper than a woman's heart? as the pailmist says: suppose she had read the letters! The only way to make sure was to go into I'w room and look for them. Gabrielle's seom! What sweet melady in the words. yet I felt that I sared not enter that sectionly, astrongu a near known my cousin since she was a child.

Come, George, and see how prettily I have arranged your room," she said suddenly.

to the rescue of depravity!

staircase: what a pretty figure she had! Sweden .-- Exchange

I tonowed her like a culprit, feeling almost afraid to go, but yet I must at all

mzards get my letters. My former room was perfectly charming, decked out in blue and white, and with no oder of cienes anywhere. The little bed was modestly draped with snowy curtains which looked like the wings of guardian angels. I looked round anxiously for the old chiffonier: there it stood as usual.

"May I have some water, Cousin Gatrielle? I am dying of thirst," I said. She took up the caraffe, but I, artful demon, had already observed that it was

"Wait a minute. I will get you some water," she said, and left the room. I rushed to the chiffonier and opened the drawer. Horror! It was empty.

The next instant my cousin returned, gave me a glass of water, then showed me her album, and then we talked merrily, just as we used to when we were

But where were my letters? Had she found them, and hidden them away, or had she burned them? My head seemed to swim as I wondered.

As soon as I could think of a pretext I my aunt, her mother. She greeted me joyfully, then shook her finger at me in a mysterious way, and with a very know-

"When we first arrived here it fortunately occurred to me that before putting a young lady into a bachelor's room and wide as a case of "fool luck." it would be well for me to look about it is inlaid and polished, with locks of bur- a little. I have had some experience of Here she put a package into my hands.

Heavens and earth, my letters!

how happy I was! A week passed. One morning when I got up I found a tiny piece of paper ly- low?" said the captain of the company. ing on the floor, as if it had been slipped under my door. I picked it up. It was a letter.

"What does this mean?" I thought, and then I unfolded it and read: "DEAR COUSIN-Why do you not tell mamma all about it?"

"All about it!" What does she mean? Dear cousin." It is from Gabriella. her, but she blushed, turned her face Juniata." away, and putting a piece of paper lato my hand said hurriedly: "Take back your letter and speak to

My letter! I rushed out into the parlightning! it was my writing, my style,

ou. Will you listen to me? Will you GEORGE,"

It was indeed my letter-it was number one of my effusions to the ex-queen of my heart. It had slipped out of the puckage of letters, and Gabrielle, find-the girl, proposed and was accepted. ng it in the chiffonier, thought that I swer was, "Speak to mamma." The hadn't any mine and wasn't worth a result of the accident was I spoke to picayune. "mamma," and I married Gabrielle. I adore her and am the happiest husband for, Wash, in the world.

The christening will take place next

eleton Behind the Pulpit. A week later I arrived at the maternal street, West Troy, was the scene of a one day Wash said: "Jennie, the boys "What! You during the services Sunday evening. The don't. I'll never give it up while I live. the pulpit preaching his Sunday even- side than any man ever yet struck in chair, immediately behind the pulpit. Then, with a jump, a skeleton appeared, over the chair, having come from below instead of above, as would be imagined of one appearing in a house of worship. The congregation were dumfounded, some screaming and others laughing. The Rev. Mr. Prentice continued his

discourse without further interruption. be of paper, neatly and correctly arranged, and was evidently the work of home to his cabin. boys. They could enter the basement by a side door, and having the skeleton arranged with a cord fastened to the chair "And whose is it now?" I asked in sur- the latter was thrown down stairs, and prise, and my mother pointed to the at the same time the skeleton appeared. This deadlock has lasted more than a -Troy Standard.

One of Our Burnl Friends.

Some amusement was caused in a car on the Sixth Avenue elevated road Friday by the unsophisticated pomposity of a young man from some rural retreat | that this great awkward Missourian was not known to the interested observers in the car. The young man was apparently escorting two country lassies about crazy, but she knew better. Her family town, and he felt that the task was one had once urged her to leave him and of great importance to the public as come home, but they never ventured to well as of pleasure to himself. He talked suggest it again. Old miners passing in a very loud tone of voice and essayed by looked at the claim, and said there to explain everything that passed in was no gold left. Men who had thouview to his companions. After he had succeeded in attracting the attention of all of the other passengers to his own last refused to give him credit for a sack party he unconsciously furnished an incentive to general merriment by rising ompously just after the train had left Eighteenth street on its down town trip and drawling in an affected tone: "I say, condustry, stop at Fourteenth street, please."—New York Times.

An Aristocratic Nurse. Miss Ellen Kraemer, who has won distinction in the surgical ward of Bellevue hospital, came all the way from Sweden to study nursing and medical science. She is a proud, aristocratic young woman, whose very presence commands respect. She wears her hair combed back from a face that is calm, sensitive and thought-'ni. She is a girl who makes her individuality felt, and she has a faculty, peculiar to herself, of imparting this individuality to every ward she visits. Her windows are always draped, and if curtains are beyond her reach she will find a lithograph representing a landscape, or a branch of willow or magnolia to tone down the hard light. A railroad map, for instance, as Miss Kraemer only Joy, bliss, ecstasy filled me as she knows how to manipulate, has a tracery spoke; I was saved. Innocence had come effect as pleasing to the patient's tired Lightly and gracefully she ran up the tion of her studies she will return to eyes as a lace curtain. On the compleTHE OLD FARM HOME.

If you've been a happy rover Through the fields of fragrant clover, here life is all a simple round of bliss, When at eve the sun is einking. And the stars are faintly winking on can call to mind a picture such as this

Hark! The cows are homeward roaming Through the woodland pusture's gloaming; can hear them gently lowing through the della, And from out the booky dingle Comes the softly taughed jingle

Strange how memory will fling her Arms about some scenes we bring her, And the fleeting years but make them stronger Though I wander far and sadiv

From that dear old home, how gladly recall the cherished scenes of long ago. Hark! The cows are homeward roaming Through the woodland pasture's gloaming; can hear them gently lewing through the della

And from out the booky dingle Comes the softly tangled jingle And the oft repeated echo of the bells. -Chicago Evening Post.

LAST STRIKE AT OPHIR.

Ophir was the most prosperous mining camp on the western slope of the Sierra, left Gabrielle, and in the hallway I met and Wash Bonner was the most prosperous miner it contained. His claim, the "Blue Juniata," was paying enormously, and Wash had become very popular, for he gave away his money as fast as he "Come with me, you naughty, careless made it. Wash was a tall, good humored boy." I followed her into her own room, Missourian, lean, light haired and sleepy. where she opened a drawer, saying mean- No one gave him credit for much energy or ambition, and the accident by which he had stumbled upon his claim when the camp was first settled was told far

It happened this way: The camp be gan as a placer camp, and all the "claims" along the stream or on the flat were taken up, when Wash, a tall greenhorn of a new comer, drifted in without a I threw my arms around my aunt's dollar to his name and stood watching neck, kissed her rapturously and con- the sailor company of runaways from fessed everything. Oh, how happy I ships in San Francisco bay as they took out their "ounce to the man" from the out their "ounce to the man" from the best washings in the camp.

"What are you lookin' at, young fel-"Why don't you stake out a claim?"

"All taken," said Wash slowly. "Go up on the top of the hill by them oaks," said the man, winking at his comrades. "More there than here."

Wash borrowed a pick, went to the place indicated, and in an hour developed the most famous mine of the district. It was a curious pocket mine in a loose, I did not understand it at all, and broken formation, and though every waited anxiously for the breakfast hour. one rushed to the place and staked out When I heard my cousin go down stairs | the whole hillside, no other claim ever I darted out add was going to speak to paid a tenth part as much as the "Blue

In the course of time, as the region be came settled and men with families came in, Wash fell in love with the pretty daughter of a farmer in the Sacramento valley. Hereviewed the past, a bundred den and read the missive. Thunder and thousand dollars had come ou, of his mine, and he had nothing left to show for it. He resolved that if the girl "You are adorable, therefore I adore would have him he would never waste another cent. He went to the claim, let me devote my life to you? A word worked all day, struck a "pocket," and from you and I throw myself at your took out more than a thousand dollars, the largest yield of a single day in the history of the mine. Then he quit work. went to the town, "spruced himself up,"

"Jennie," said Wash, "you've got to had placed it there for her, and her an- take me, ef you want me, jest as if I

"I do," said Jennie; "it's you I care A month later they were married, and began housekeeping in a little house of month. Thanks, thanks, eld chiffonier! white pine built near the mine. Then -Translated for Epoch by Isabel Smith- Wash began the regular development of courage, though not a dollar had come from it in all that time. They lived on The First Baptist church, situated at | what was left of the \$1,000 after the the corner of Third avenue and Sixteenth | wedding expenses were taken out. Then

> He climbed the hill, and began work on a tunnel which should strike the broken, gold bearing ledges at a lower

point than he had yet reached. Months more passed over the heads of the mine and his wife. One after another their friends deserted them. Their credit gave out, and they lived on game, fish and berries, so that the little money they had could all be spent for blasting powder. Every morning at daybreak Investigation showed the skeleton & Wash, gaunt and silent, went to his work, every night at dark he stumbled

"Jennie," he said, "I know there is gold there. We will find it soon, I never before worked a month in the old mine without taking out something. year. It can't last always. I will find the lead again, and then we will let the rest go, and buy a farm in the valley, where we can forget about this fight."

She believed every word, for she was a loving, loyal woman, and she knew a man among thousands. The very boys in town hooted after him and called him sands of dollars from her husband, and owed their entire fortunes to him, at

of flour or a side of bacon. "You stick by the mine, Wash; I'll stick by you," was all that Jennie said She never told her husband that she had gone to her brother, who was rich, and asked him for a little money to carry them through the winter. "Not for that spendthrift Missourian to waste," was his answer. "He can clerk in my store if he will give up his foolishness.

Wash's bair grew gray and thin. He stooped lower and lower. Deep lines were graven in his face, and his eyes became fierce and terrible. Men met him in the gulches trapping game, or down in the streams with his fish nets, and passed him by without a word. Prospectors, cumbing over the hills, heard the sound of his pick as he toiled in his tunnel, and laughed him to scorn. "Because he found a few pockets he is boring right into the granite. Crazy as a loon, and his wife as bad. Her relations have done everything to help themoffered them a farm and the best kind of

a show down in the valley." It was an afternoon in October. The salconkeeper sut on the bench by his door reading a newspaper. He heard a noise at the head of the street; the village boys were shouting. Here comes

ragged and miserable, came into sight. and after a moment's hesitation spoke to

"Evening, Mr. Riley." "I can't do anything for you." "Mr. Riley, listen to me. I hain't a cent in the world. We've sold all our

goods and worked in the mine together this month. Jennie's held the drill while I druv it. I can't get a pound of powder, but the holes are all set in the face. ready. Something tells me this time it will touch gold. I can feel it just ahead. I've felt it all along, but now it's right thar, within reach of one more blast. I tell you, Riley, I know it's thar." "You're crazy, Wash."
"Riley, you've got money. Give me

one keg of powder an' I'll make you a rich man. I'll give you half we take out. You don't know how I've worked this year. I've hammered from daylight to dark, gone hungry and slept cold, an' fell down in a dead faint time and time over. Put your hand thar!" He seized the saloonkeeper's hand and held it on his breast. The man felt Wash's heart sway several inches, as if it had torn loose from its place, and its wild, loud throbbing was like the beating of a mighty engine. "Thar," said Wash, "you see I ain't for long. That mine's for my wife. She's stayed with it and with me. I ought to have dropped it and put my pride down long ago, but now it's too late. Riley, will you let me have the powder?"

turned away.

No one in all that camp understood the proud, unyielding soul that had set itself to wrestle with nature and her secret. The afternoon wore on into night, and night into morning, and another day. Wash did not come back.

Some boys climbed the hill and went into the tunnel. There lay Wash, dead, at the further end of the tunnel, his pick in his hand. He had gone back to break table, and chefs, whose salaries go behis own way into the treasure house, but his heart had burst in the midst of a giant stroke, and he had fallen across his own weapon. There his wife had found him, and she, too, weak and sick and heartbroken, lay in a faint over his body.

tunnel, and did all that could be done for the poor woman.

A dozen men wern back into the tunman, and looked at the place where his last faltering shock had glanced off the flinty rock.

"Boys," said one, "I'll never forget that I told Walsh he couldn't have any more powder, not if he died in his tun-We'll set off them last blast holes jest as he wanted, and then we'll bury him in here where he dropped."

There was plenty of blasting powder now to be had for the asking, and in a few minutes the face of the drift was bath penetrating into the interior of the ready for the blast, the fuses set and | plaster and there producing first crystallighted, word had got around the camp and every man was gathered at the mouth of the tunnel. A few women were in the old cabin caring for the dying wife. A long silence followed the ter, but adds very considerably to its lighting of the fuses, and suddenly the dull noise of the shock and the fall of heavier masses of rock than usual startled the miners outside.

They ran into the tunnels with their lights. The blast had opened a wide path into an irregular cavern gleaming sides was the shining, precious metal. The last blast for which Wash had struggled so bravely had revealed a fortune. The excited miners rushed out again with a wild shout. A woman met them

with flushed and frightened face. "How can you make such a noise?" she said. "The poor thing's gone, crying like a baby for her dead man."

The miners drew close together, ashamed and profoundly affected. After a little a few of them went back to the tunnel and secured Wash's pickax, which had been lying against the wall "We can't bury them here, new," said

one, "the mine will be worked again. They must lie on the hillside, where all his old friends of twenty years ago are Wash had no relatives. His wife's brother came up and took possession of the claim, which the miners had protect-

ed against all intruders. In a few weeks it became generally understood in the region that the wealth of the "Blue Juniata's last and greatest pocket" was estimated by conservative miners at a quarter of a million.

But from the day that Wash fell dead in his tunnel a blight seemed to fall on the little camp of Ophir. Mine after mine gave out; miner after miner moved away. A land slide swept off the cabin where Wash had lived, and though, as I have said, the "Blue Juniata" yielded all that was expected, and even more, and founded one of the great Pacific coast fortunes, none of its treasures brought happiness to those who worked it. Today the camp is deserted and its very name a memory. - Charles Howard Shinn

He Confessed to the Attachment. Polite Debtor (who has been dining his principal creditor at his country homestead)-Well, how do you like the place? Creditor - Beautiful! Charming! I confess to an attachment for the place already.

Debtor-Indeed! Creditor-Yes, my lawyer will serve the papers to-morrow or the next day .-Baltimore Every Saturday.

Miss McAllister, niece of the organizer of the "400," who assumes charge of Mrs. Reed's boarding school, will draw a salary of \$10,000 a year.

A Strong Stan's Last Wager. A curious wager with fatal results was ecently decided at Stepring in Bavaria. A notoriously strong man named Freytag bet that a horse could not move him from the door of his bouse. The horse was crought and Freytag put his arms and feet against the door posts, while Stern, the man with whom the bet had been made, fixed a rope around Freytag s neck. At the first pull the rope broke. A new rope having been brought. Stern plied his while with all his might, when Freytag gave a scream, and letting go was dragged along

A new element named "damaria" is said to have been discovered in the crater of an extinct volcano in Damaraland. It is reported to have an atomic weight of only 0.5, or half that of hydrogen, and therefore it is the lightest

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria. - ICHITA. - - KAN HATEN.

for some yards. His neck was broken.

A COMBINE

She came here from the middle west, And yet she had, be it confessed, A Boston air around her: A figure slight, a forebead high, An extress look, a clear gray eye; and so for her I came to sigh, And wise and charming found her.

But as to press my suit I came
Full of: she smothered all my flame
By asking curtous questions;
The wrongs of woman, the state and land,
What social changes lisen planned,
She'd ask me to discuss offhand
And give her my suggestions.

Did I agree with Henry George!
Would selfish capital dispurge
The share that toll demanded!
How could the indigent be fed?
Should criminals be allowed to wed?
Did tariffs raise the price of bread!
She begged me to be candid.

And when the race at last had gained. The highest point to be attained. By growth or revolution. What would the last great victory be, The final goal that men should see! What did Utopis mean for me— The end of evolution?

And as I heard I grew more dazed, Until at last my courage raised To utter desperation.
"Utopia messas for me," I said, The social contract wh We'll form a trust." She shook her head Call it co-operation. -Overland Monthly.

A Cottage at Newport.

A few years ago the people talked of a 'cottage at Newport," but now it sounds like the pride that ages humility to hear one of the great mansions described in Wash looked at his old enemy and such a way. Life goes on as if all was made smooth for him who would enjoy, and indeed that is really the case. The very rich families-the Astors, the Belmonts, the Vanderbilts, the Goelets and Havemeyers-do not hesitate to lavish great sums upon their Newport houses, morning, noon and afternoon built up and to be entertained there is understood to be much more of a compliment than it would be to receive a card to the most elaborate affair in the city.

The finest glass and china is upon the youd the desirable ten thousand a year, cater to the tastes that are possibly satiated with the good things of life. A dinner party is quite as formal as one given in the city, the hour usually being half-past 8, and the guests seldom rising from the table before 11 or half-Ophir camp woke with a start to some dim sense of its crime. Tender hands the Casino or some private house. The carried Wash and his wife out of the fancy is to have a "dinner dance"—that is, several hostesses who are friends invite a certain number to dine, and after A dozen men werk back into the tun-nel from which they had taken the dead the best baliroom; a few outsiders, usually men, are asked, and after "dancing all night" the beauties start home as the sun is coming up, making the least line of age or discipation show upon beir faces.—Cor. Ladies' Home Journal.

Coating for Plaster Casts Hitherto in the galvanic coating of plaster casts there has been a difficulty in stopping the pores of the surface so effectually as to prevent the galvanic lization and then disintegration. This obstacle appears to have been overcome by the discovery that saturation in tan not only closes up the pores of the plasstrength. Specimens so prepared have been covered with copper one millimeter thick, a thickness which is not only sufficient to resist atmospheric influences, but which enables the surface to be further worked up and finished by hand, The price of a cast coated with copper is with gold. Above, below and on all said to be one-fifth of the cost of a copper casting .- New York Commercial Adver-

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